THALIA TRIUMPHANS.

A

Congratulatory POEM

To the HONOURED

John Buiſſiere, Eſq;

ON HIS

HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Non fragrat niſi flagrat Amor.

By *E. SETTLE.*

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, 1722.

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A POEM.

To the HONOURED

John Bullfiere, Esq;

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LONDON:
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Thalia Triumphans.

WHen the Great FOUNDER this vaſt Pile began,
And ended with his Sixth Day's Labour, MAN,
His Greateſt Work the *Laſt*; ſtampt in his Own
Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Univerſal Throne:
Yes *Earth*, *Heav'n*, *Stars*, and *Sun*, the whole *wide Round*
All built for Him, all to his Service bound,
Theſe humbler Glories in the Front appear,
Whilſt MAN, true SOVEREIGN-like, brought up the Rear.
This Fav'rite Head what tho' ſo high enſtall'd?
Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Bleſſings call'd:
To make this Lordly Creature Greater ſtill,
Ev'n th' higheſt Graſp of his Ambition fill,
Sole Partner of his Joys, t' his Arms aſſign'd,
His Life's beſt Half he form'd the BEAUTEOUS KIND.

With this fair Mate of Empire, given to join
His Sovereignty, and moulded all Divine,
Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again,
Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This

This *Lovely Form*, this *Maſter-Work* of Heav'n,
Wiſely to *Man*'s embracing Arms was giv'n;
All that could make a Univerſe ſo fair,
Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it ſelf a Care.

When th' *Happy BRIDEGROOM* thus takes to his Arms
Honour, *Wit*, *Beauty*, *Youth*, Lord of ſuch Charms;
Why do we wiſh him Joy! Methinks to pay
That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away:
'Tis wiſhing Treaſure to an *Indian Mine*;
Or Glory to the *Sun*'s Meridian Shine.
Compar'd to LOVE's rich Chace, why all that Toil
For Mines of Gold, both th' *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* Spoil?
Let ev'n *COLUMBUS*, his proud Sails unfurl'd,
Plume in the Glory of a New-found World;
All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine!
'Tis thy diſcover'd Treaſures truly ſhine.
Thou, *Happier Voyager*, without a Boaſt,
Doſt only lead to the true *Golden Coaſt*.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins
Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd *SOVEREIGNS*,
In all the Pride of *Life*, and Pomp of *Pow'r*;
Can up to Half LOVE's heighten'd Raptures tour.

Ev'n

Ev'n the proud *MACEDON*'s young *AMMON* dreſt
With the rich Spoils of his whole conquer'd *Eaſt*,
What tho' he drove o'er his own Vaſſal Globe,
Deckt in Pow'rs Haughtieſt Majeſtick Robe;
Of all that Glory's vainer Plumes poſſeſt,
Still far beneath the BRIDEGROOM's brighter Creſt;
So much LOVE's *Coronation Chaplet* breathes
More fragrant Odours than *Imperial Wreathes*:
So much his *Lighter Joys*, and *Spritelier Gems*,
Out-ſhine the duller Load of Diadems:
LOVE from his richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down
On all the poorer Brows that ſweat beneath a Crown.

Whilſt LOVE then does to all this Feaſt invite,
To Bliſs ſo raviſhing, Joys ſo exquiſite;
What can the *Duteous Muſes* leſs than join
Their livelieſt Airs to aſſiſt theſe *Rites Divine*:
A Theme enough, in its whole bright Array,
To bleſs the Morn, and conſecrate the Day.
What Songs can *Hymen* want? His Rites to cheer,
Whole Conſtellations of the Great and Fair,
With their beſt Vows, the Bleſſing, and the Prayer,
All meet to ſee the *Sacred Gordian* ty'd,
And with a bending Knee ſalute the BRIDE;

Whilſt here the Muſes whole beſt Airs are all
But Copies of that loud Original.
Nay t'hail the Bridal PAIR, all all around
Their fainter Airs in ſhriller Ecchoes drown'd,
What *Clangors* wake the Morn, and *Tubes of Triumph* ſound!
No Songs too high, nor Joys too great to pay
The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day.
When warbling Throats ſalute the Love-crown'd Pair,
Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there.
LOVE is it ſelf but MUSICK more refin'd,
Two well-tun'd Hearts in one ſoft Conſort join'd.

Oh LOVE, to trace Thee up to thy high Sphere;
No leſs than ev'n whole Nature's Hinge turns here.
Tho', ſo the Great All-wiſe DISPENSER pleas'd,
MAN to the Univerſal Empire rais'd;
Thou the Supporter of that *Sovereign* Kind,
Oh Thou to the Divine Aſſiſtance join'd,
Entitled to that 'Scotcheon of Pretence,
No leſs than Deputy t' Omnipotence;
With the Firſt Pair alone his World he bleſt,
And left it all to THEE to mould the reſt.

Thou

Thou then the envied Lord of all those Charms,
Thy Joy's Dear Partner in her *BUISSIERE*'s Arms,
Claim thy fair Prize, thy Nuptial Bed t' adorn,
A BRIDE to Beauty's double Portion born;
By Heav'n and her kind Parents deck'd so fair,
Their own, and bounteous Nature's rival Care:
Nature t' enrich the *Casket*, they the *Gem*,
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each radiant Beam
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,
Worthy the Rip'ning *Angel-Mould* they fill'd.

Near that proud DOME, where *Mars* his worn-out Race
From War's rough Steel their Aged Limbs unease;
Where Souls all warm in chilling Veins still glow,
True *Ætna*-like the Fire beneath the Snow;
The Rural *CHELSEA*, with this *Royal Pile*,
Its new fair Inmate, joins in One gay Smile;
Whilst both in the same Watry Mirrour look,
Pluming their towry Pride in *THAMES*'s Silver Brook.

'Twas *CHELSEA*'s Altars saw this *Gordian* tied,
Here the proud Walls long grac'd by this fair BRIDE;
An UNION where that *Inborn* HONOUR reigns,
The bright Enrichment of their *Native Veins*.

But

But think not, Sir, thy *CHELSEA*'s narrow'r Round
Shall the loud Joys of this Day's *Triumph* bound;
No leſs the Fair *AUGUSTA* claims her Share
In the Congratulation of this PAIR.
Hither when LOVE's Triumphant Chariot drives,
And in her Arms ſhe thoſe Dear *Gueſts* receives;
New *Honours* to theſe *Solemn Rites* to lend,
All deck'd with Smiles She ſhall her Charge attend,
And t' hail this *Nuptial Knot* her Towry Forehead bend.

Now, Happy Sir, melt a long Life away,
A Life but one continu'd Nuptial Day:
Nay, to be happier ſtill, live, Sir, to ſee
Ev'n your own founded *Immortality.*
Yes, live to ſee your fruitful Table ſpread,
With thoſe ſweet Pledges of the Genial Bed;
Thoſe lovely Miniatures to fill your Arms,
Heirs to the FATHER's *Honour*, MOTHER's *Charms*:
Copies that ſhall th' Original renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

FINIS.